And I make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which ioue to all, of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reproued'ſt me for it.

Hell. Alaſſe ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, blood from my cheekes,
Muſing in my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtope thete tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to griefue them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to ſpeake
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iuſtly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a
while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies
do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day
ſerue not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. We'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere muſt I kill
King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hanged at home:
it

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to aske what hee would of the King, deſired hee might know none of his ſecrets. Now do I ſee hee had ſome reaſon for it: for if a King bid a man bee a villaine, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.
Huſht heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Helicanus, Eſcanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You ſhall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, further to queſtion me of your Kings departure: his ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with me, doth ſpeake ſufficiently, hee's gone to trauell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will bee ſatiſfied, (why as it were vnlicenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome light vnto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*,

Hell. Royall *Antioch* (on what cauſe I know not) tooke ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he iudged ſo: and doubting that hee had erred or ſinned, to ſhew his ſorrow, hee would correct himſelfe; ſo putts himſelfe vnto the ſhip-mans toyle, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well I perceiue I ſhall not bee hanged now, although I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe: hee ſcapte the Land, to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent my ſelfe, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with meſſage vnto Princely *Pericles*; but ſince my landing I haue vnderſtood, your Lord hath betooke himſelfe to vnknowne trauailes, my meſſage muſt returne from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reaſon to deſire it, commended to our Maſter, not to vs; yet ere you ſhall depart, this we deſire as friends to *Antioch*, we may reſt in *Tyre*. *Exunt.*